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Wellesley, Mass., March 22, 1890.

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. 1. WELLESLEY COLLEGE, MARCH 22, 1890. No. 22, 23

The Wellesley Prelude.

Edited by the Students of Wellesley College and published weekly during the college year. Price, $2.00 a year, in advance. Single copies, 10 cents.

EDITORS:

MARY D. E. LAUDERBURN, '90.
SARAH M. BOCK, '90.
MARY BARROWS, '90.
EMILY I. MEADER, '91.
THEODORA KYLE, '91.
MARY W. BATES, '92
EDITH S. TUFTS, '84.

All literary communications from the students of the college should be sent to MISS LAUDERBURN, through the "Prelude" box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the college should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Edith S. Tufts, Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions and all other business communications should be sent, *in all cases*, to Mary Barrows, Wellesley, Mass.

Entered at the Wellesley Post Office as second-class matter.

"Ex templo Lybiæ magnas it Fama per urbes,
Fama, malum, qua non aliud velocius ullum;
Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo,
Parva metu primo; mox sese attollit in auras,
Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit."

ACCORDING to the faithful record of "*pius Aeneas*," ancient Lybia was haunted by a frightful monster whose characteristics are strangely familiar. Although no hideous winged creature, concealing under every feather a wrathful eye and chattering mouth, is to be seen perched upon the College towers, there are some indications of the presence among us of Virgil's *Fama*.

"Tam ficti peavique tenax, quam nuntia veri."

That Wellesley has become the chosen abode of Rumor is evident from the frequent circulation of surprising reports concerning forthcoming changes in vacations, in the present system of examinations, and in various customs of the College: reports which are generally found to have originated in the brain of some individual endowed with more than the usual amount of creative imagination. But a more serious consideration than the disappointed hope of too sanguine undergraduates makes it apparent that mistress Rumor is an undesirable guest to whom we should as soon as possible point out the Lodge gates.

In proof of this statement it is only necessary to refer to a recent occurrence which furnishes an excellent illustration of the evil and pernicious character of Rumor. At the close of last term a mysterious report was whispered about to the effect that a number of students had been suspended and that we were likely to miss from our ranks for some time many well-known faces. The Christmas vacation, however, came to an end, the College opened with its usual number of students, and to the surprise of the incredulous, the forty-five seats in Chapel which, according to prediction were to be empty, contained their usual occupants. The discovery that this startling rumor had no other foundation than the fact that half a dozen students were called upon to give an explanation of unexcused absence, proposed a general smile, and the whole matter would have been quickly forgotten, if there had not appeared in the *Harvard Advocate* a statement that *sixty-five* students had been suspended from Wellesley.

That a College making its choice of students from so large a list of applicants is yet obliged to suspend sixty-five of its six hundred members for inability to appreciate the privileges it offers is, to an interested public, an announcement of no small importance. Such an occurrence reflects seriously not only upon the College, but upon the character of all women who are making demands for higher education. It is because we all recognize this that we were justly indignant at seeing so unfounded a statement in print, but before we give too free expression to our indignation, it might be well to inquire who was responsible for this fiction about the suspended students. Not the editor of *The Harvard Advocate*, certainly, for he says that the information was given him by a Wellesley girl, and not this one guilty student, certainly, for she was only

repeating what she had heard from fifty other girls who were discussing the matter on that last morning of the term. Thus by the thoughtlessness and carelessness of—who shall say how many of us? —an utterly false statement was allowed to be passed from lip to lip, to grow with every reflection, and finally to make its way to the ears of the public. It did not, perhaps, occur to anyone who heard the rumor to meet it with a flat contradiction on the ground of its evident improbability. It did not, perhaps, occur to anyone who repeated it that she was injuring her Alma Mater as none but an undergraduate can injure her. And yet the injury was done, and we have ourselves to blame for it.

We are all too ready to suppose that Wellesley College consists of the Board of Trustees and the Faculty, and that the reputation of Wellesley College rests entirely with its directors and instructors. When we once realize the fact that Wellesley consists of its six hundred students for whose sake Trustees and Faculty exist, and that her reputation rests with every individual of the six hundred, then we shall one and all be so well aware of the weight of our words that public misstatements in regard to Wellesley's affairs will be impossible. From the moment a Freshman's name is entered on the College register, she has the power to hurt the good fame of Wellesley by an idle repetition of any floating report derogatory to our Alma Mater. The recent unpleasant experience is a warning to us that the monster Rumor should be banished from our midst by our refusal to indulge in gossip and speculation about College interests.

Angie Lacey Peck, '90.

AFTER THE PIERIAN SODALITY CONCERT.

MARCH 10, '90. WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

A faded rose dropped from some fair maid's hair,
A dainty kerchief picked up on the stair,
The murmur of Taunhäuser in the air,
Mingled with strains of Mendelssohn, so dear
To every gentle maiden's heart and ear.
While through the halls, comes floating far and near,
The faint, infrequent fragrance of cigar.
And last, even by the night wind, faint and far,
Is heard the lusty cheering; Rah! Rah! Rah!

G. P. S., '92.

THE NEW SPRING BED SYSTEM.

"O I *never* can get up in time,"
Sighed the breathless Sophomore;
As she rushed for the breakfast table,
Just as they closed the door.

"I'll help you with that," said the teacher,
"Have you heard the new brilliant idea,
By which when the half-hour bell ringeth
You surely aroused shall be."

"No, tell us, we've heard nothing of it."
"By electricity 'tis, and new springs
On which, when the current is started
You'll not stay till the breakfast bell rings."

How it works they all saw that evening
When she showed them the model so fine,
Which teacher? Oh, one near "the centre,"
Which table? The one, now, on time.

THE BABY'S VISIT.

In those old days when all journeys were made by stage-coach or on horseback, there was a much used road that passed from Vermont quite through northern New York, connecting the scattered settlements.

Just off this road, a little outside the village of Malone, there stood a pleasant farm-house on the top of a hill. The house, the barns, and the broad farm beyond, all bore marks of the industry and thrift of the owners. Through the open doors one would catch a glimpse of the cheery rooms within, and hear the voice of the busy housewife as she hurried to and fro, singing over her work.

Outside, under a shady tree, a little girl was sitting rocking a great rag doll and lulling it to sleep with a contented little tune. Suddenly she heard the sound of horses' hoofs and looked up. Two travellers, a man and a woman, were urging their horses up the road. The child sat and watched them a minute, but as they turned into the lane leading up the hill, she gathered her precious burden closer in her arms and ran to the house calling, "Ma! ma! where are you?" Then as a sweet-faced woman met her in her search, "There's company a-comin' up the road, ma, an' 'taint nobody I've ever seen, an' I guess you'd better hurry up!"

The busy woman put down the pitcher of cream

that she was holding and hastened to the door. The visitors had already reached the house, the man had jumped from his horse and was assisting his companion to dismount. He turned quickly at the sound of the step in the door-way, and coming forward seized both of Mrs. Farewell's hands, shaking them heartily.

"Well, do tell, Marthy, ef we aint glad to git here, an' ef we aint glad to see you again, an' you a-lookin' so well, too! I guess you're surprised to see us though! Folks don't drop in from Vermont every day, do they? Yes, this is my wife, Lucindy, an' the baby—the baby there—is sister Mary's boy!"

Martha shook hands with her brother and his wife, and taking the baby into her arms, led the way into the house, with a few quiet words of welcome.

When the good man came in from the fields a few minutes later, he found wife and children gathered about the new-comers, all eager to tell him of the long journey and the adventures by the way. "And to think, John, they've brought that baby, that little baby, all the way from Vermont! Why it's a good two hunderd mile!"

Some seven years before our story opens, John and Martha Farewell had left their old home in Vermont to begin their married life farther west. Since that time many changes had taken place in the households they had left. John's father and mother had passed away, his younger brother and sister had married and settled down at home, and now the latter had died, leaving a little orphaned boy of but a few weeks old. The baby naturally fell to the care of the brother and his wife, and taking advantage of the money it had brought them, they were now making the long-looked-forward-to visit upon John and Martha. I call it a long-looked-forward-to visit, but whatever pleasure this anticipation may have afforded Joseph and Lucinda, it was evident from the conversation of the good people of the house when, after guests and children had retired for the night, they sat before the fire talking it over, that the pleasure its realization gave them was not as great as it might have been.

"I don't know what you think about it, John," Martha said, "but I call it an imposition and a shame! It's a settle-down for the winter—I know Joseph! I aint afraid to say it, either, because you know I'd say the same if he was my brother instead of yours. An' as for takin' that baby—that six-weeks-old baby—all that ways!—well I declare it's worse than the murder of the innocents!"

John had risen and was pacing up and down the room.

"Tut, tut, Marthy! we must be charitable," he answered.

"Well, so I am—out loud, but way down in my heart it's different!—and you know you're just the same as my heart, John," she added naively.

John smiled "Charity *thinketh* no evil, Marthy, an' it's my opinion they couldn't hev done no better by the child than bringin' it here for you to take care of!"

"You don't know nothin' about it, John. That baby! two hunderd mile of wood! But sure enough, I'll have to take care of it. Lucindy aint nothin' but a silly child herself, for all her stuck-up ladyfied ways!—Not but what I'd do it glad for Mary's sake," she hastened to add, and then still more softly, "The poor little motherless thing!"

Martha's predictions proved true. The October days went by and the time allotted for the visit was over, but still the guests stayed on, adding to the work of the always busy housewife. Winter set in, and the return was then impossible. But it passed away, and when spring came, Joseph declared that they must go.

They went very suddenly, at last. Joseph came in one morning saying that he had just received word of a company that started that morning from French Mills, and that he and Lucinda must join them at once. For a few moments all was bustle and confusion, and then they were off, almost before Martha had realized that they were going.

"Well," I *am* relieved!" she sighed as she returned to her work, "I've tried to treat 'em real well, but it's hard to be put upon in that way and endure it cheerful-like!"

It was almost an hour afterwards that little Eunice came in and pulled at her mother's skirt. "Ma!" she said in an awe-struck whisper, her eyes big with excitement, "There's a baby a-cryin' upstairs in the spare-room!"

"Laws, child!" exclaimed Martha rubbing the

dough from her hands, "It can't be! Uncle Joe took him afore him on the horse!"

But she hurried to the foot of the stairs. Sure enough, there was no mistaking that wail! The good mother hurried up to the guest chamber, and there on the bed sat little Dick full of childish wrath at being left alone. Martha stood still for a moment in dismay, then turning to Eunice with a hasty "Go call your father, child!" she sat down and took the boy upon her lap.

"Well, our visitors aint all gone yet, John," she said when her astonished husband came to her. "An' I don't think I'd try to ketch those as has. You might not do it, you know, and then they might feel that three persons was too much to carry as far as Vermont."

A long conference followed, and that evening after prayers the children were told that their cousin had come to stay, that he was their brother now. "And mind, children, you mustn't never tell, never, that he wasn't always ourn!"

The years slipped by. Eunice and Peter were no longer children, and Dick was a fine lad of fourteen. Other children had come to claim John's and Martha's love and care, and they all lived happily together as one family, knowing no differences between them.

Their life was a very quiet one. Its great events were the father's occasional visits to town, when he took one of the children with him, and always brought something good to those whom he had left at home.

One day even this visit had its change, for mother went, too. She and father started in the morning, promising to be back before dark, and bidding them be good children and take care of each other until their return.

As the day went on and it began to grow dark, the children became uneasy, and their anxiety grew into fear as the hours went by. The memory of a robbery on the road some years before increased their alarm, and they gathered about the window in the front room, stretching their ears to catch the first sound of wheels on the road.

Dick tried to put aside his own fears, and remonstrate with Eunice for showing hers so plainly before the younger children.

"It's all very well for you to talk, Dick Farewell. Of course *you* don't care! 'Tisn't *your* father and mother that's in danger!"

"Not my father and mother, Eunice? What do you mean?" But Eunice had taken refuge in silence, which she refused to break.

It was not long before the father and mother returned, and in his joy at seeing them again, Dick forgot Eunice's words; but in the morning they returned to trouble him.

"Father," he said suddenly when they were alone together in the field, "Father, am I your own son?"

The father looked up quickly, "What's that, Dick! my own son?"

"Yes, father; Eunice said last night that I couldn't care as much about your safety as she did, because you were not my own father and mother."

The man laid his hand on the boy's shoulder and looked into his eyes for a minute, then said slowly.

"Have you ever doubted for a minute, Dick, that I loved you?"

"No, father."

"An' have you ever doubted that your mother loved you?"

"Never."

"An' have we ever acted any different to you than we have to the other children?"

"No, father."

"Then, my boy," and he tried to speak lightly, "The best thing for you to do is to forget as soon as you can them silly words of Eunice's, an' never think of them again till you find we don't treat you as good as the rest. An' then," he added with a smile, "you can doubt us all you want to."

Then they went on with their work; but the hearts of both were heavy. Dick tried with but ill success to be content with what his father had said, and his father longed to get away to ask counsel of the mother. As soon as their duties separated them, he slipped away to the house. The whirr of the coffee-mill told him that the object of his search was in the pantry, and, looking around to see that he was not observed, he entered and closed the door.

"Marthy," he said as he seated himself on the flour barrel, "Dick's been a-talkin' to me, and he's troubled because of somethin' Eunice said to him last night about his not bein' our own child."

The expression on Martha's face showed that

her dismay was as great as her husband's, and in the talk that followed more than one tear was wiped away by the corner of the gingham apron.

"Yes," she said at last, "I suppose you'd better tell him. It'll be hard enough for the poor lad, and God knows it's hard enough for us!"

"Then I'll tell him after dinner, Marthy." We've got some work together in the barn, and I'll tell him then." He rose to go, "And do you think I'd better speak to Eunice?"

"No, I don't believe I would. From the way she's been actin' to-day, I think she's a-havin' an uneasy time enough. It always seems to me that when a sin finds its own punishment, it's a great deal better than when someone outside meddles around to hunt one up for it."

That afternoon as the man and boy were working in the barn, the former said:

"Your mother and I hev been a-thinkin' over what Eunice said to you, Dick, and I persume you hev, too. We've thought p'r'aps it was better to tell you about somethin' that happened when you was a baby. You've seen how we've loved you, just as much as Peter or any of them, an' I can't see as tellin' this 'll make any difference in our love, and I hope it wont in yourn."

Then he led the boy to a seat on the hay, and very tenderly, very lovingly, told him the story of his babyhood. "An' now, Dick," he said the tears rolling down his rough face, "you know that I love you, and I can tell you that there's a mother over in the house yonder as has always loved you as dear and true as ef you was her own flesh and blood. An' lad, when you and us are all together in heaven, and you come to know her that left you to us, you'll learn to love her as we all love her, and you'll thank God then that he gave you two mothers instead of just the one!"

He had risen and the boy stood before him with white downcast face and firmly-set lips.

"God bless you, Dick! You'll fight it out brave, I know!" and the good man left him and hurried away.

Dick stood without moving until the last footstep died away; then he sank on the hay with a groan. Everything that had ever been dear to him seemed slipping away. His home, his parents, his brothers and sisters,—all had been taken from him,—no, worse than that, they had never been his! He had been a usurper in that dear, happy home! Yes, he was all alone in the world,—oh, the awful desolation!

"No father, no mother!" he said it over and over to himself, trying to realize the utter misery of the thought, until at last he broke into wild sobbing that brought no tears, no relief.

Then the thought came, why should there be *any* reality—any God? Now that this surest, truest relationship of earth had proved an illusion, why should a belief in an unseen, unknown Father have any claim upon him? Since Eunice's words had proved true—*had* they proved true? "Of course *you* don't care! 'Tisn't your father and mother that's in danger!" Was *that* true? His heart swelled at the thought. And if his own love had been so real, why not theirs too? His father had said they loved him "as dear and true as if he were their own flesh and blood." If this were so, what didn't he owe them? They had taken him, a little orphan baby, into their home, and had lavished on him all their love, the tenderness, and care that they had shown their very own. His debt to them was more than that of a child to his parents. How he ought to love and honor them! Never, never in his life would he do any thing that would grieve or pain them. He would give them the greatest love and reverence that ever a son would give, and God—how sure he felt now that there was a God!—would help him.

He went to his room soon, and when the family gathered about the supper-table he was in his accustomed place.

A heartier hand-clasp than usual from his father and a tender kiss from his mother were almost the only allusions ever made by them to the revelation of the day.

Long years after, when Dick was a white-haired man, and the mother, feeble, almost deprived of her memory and her sight, spent her days by her own window, waiting to join her husband beyond the river, Dick would go to her room, and sitting down by her side would take her hand in his.

"Good-morning, mother!"

A smile of recognition would light up the faded old face.

"Good-morning, my son!"

And once as they sat together, she said:
"Dick, Peter is my son?"
"Yes, mother."
"And Azra is my son?"
"Yes, mother."
"And, Dick, you are my son?"
"Yes, mother."
"And, Dick, I love you best of all."

M. W. B. '92.

ART STUDY.

If it should be asked whether students would best study art in Wellesley to-day, even at the expense of other studies, the answer seems to be yes, because they will all want the knowledge of art they can there so easily obtain; want it, if they ever go to Europe; want it, if they would know of one of the strongest and most lasting influences which has worked upon the people who have gone before; want it, to lift them out of the common drudgery which will come into their lives; and to help them to lift poor hard working America out of its one sided love of money into something higher; that America too, may leave the highest impress of which she is capable on the ages yet to come.

There are few of Wellesley's students who do not some day hope to go to Europe; and those who go will want all the knowledge they can have gained of painting, and architecture. It gives a new meaning, and a strong one to all that is seen, when a person understands before going, something of what is to be seen; when one understands how one building with its strong individual character came to be placed beside another with its character just as strong, but so different, that they have nothing in common but their locality; when one understands something of those great galleries full of pictures, and the influence they wield over the people who live among them all their lives. Time and books while traveling will both be wanting to gain the knowledge that can now easily be obtained.

If you are studying Greek, look and see the sights the Greeks saw. You will understand better how they reached such perfection in their writings, when you know all that is left to us of their perfection in art. Of the most remote ages and people, all that has come to us is written in terms of art in their architecture and sculpture. Their tombs tell us of what they believed; their inscriptions and drawings on the walls, and their statuary, tell us of what they did, who they were, and what art was to them. That is what art study should do for us: give us an understanding of how much art has influenced ancient people, that we may know something of what it is doing now, and that it may help us to help others, and to send our influence for good on into the future.

But if you are studying modern languages, you will know nothing at all of the people who speak them if you do not learn something of the art with which they are all their lives familiar. They see these people whose writings you read, the art which you can only know by study. They know the use beyond all money value of looking at good pictures and statuary. They live with a feeling of long ages back of them, a feeling which we, crossing the water, have somehow lost. The meaning of these ages they believe is there for them to know, therefore no time nor labor spent in art study do they ever count as lost. The history of the peoples are written all up and down their lands in monuments of stone, and in galleries of art, and from them they have learned to know, even so small a thing as this, that the trees trace their branches and leaves forever in lines of perfect beauty against the sky, be it cloudy, be it fair. They have found it worth their while to stop and see, and enjoy.

The story is told by an observant traveler who visited Rome in 1846, of seeing a charcoal vender put down his burden at the foot of one of the triumphal arches, and, turning, explain to his child forcefully and well the meaning of the sculptures on it. When the lowest people can, and thus do feed their children's minds by the stories of heroes, illustrated by the highest art, is it any wonder that when Garibaldi's cry sounded through the land to rally for "Italy and Liberty," all the people rose as they did.

Those who would study art for art's sake will know they must have all they can get at Wellesley; especially if they are going away from the large cities. For away from art centres all their inspiration will have to come from within.

It is well to study art at Wellesley then, because it is so much easier to get what you want with

others. There is the library to help you and there are the art treasures scattered through the halls and art gallery to improve you.

As far as the influence of art upon character is concerned, it is like any other study, if well taken up it will do you good; and, more than most studies, it will heighten your enjoyment of all things round about, and widen your sympathy and understanding of other peoples. It demands most sincere application of eye and thought and hand or it will give you nothing, but because it demands all these it will repay you doubly in power of application and in lifelong enjoyment.

QUEER CORNERS IN HANOVER.

It seems presumptuous to attempt to write of new places in a city which, during the past fall, has been so directly under the gaze as this, yet there are some corners which the "foreign correspondent" did not describe in his articles when the Emperor was holding carnival here, for they were hidden away then behind a mass of flags and bunting; but which aside from the glare and tinsel, are really interesting. Hanover is old from an American standpoint, though five or six hundred years is not long in comparison with the age of Florence or Venice. It must have been in the latter half of the seventeenth century that the streets broadened, and new houses were built in a modified Renaissance style, for George Ludwig, who afterwards became George I. of England, built a square, heavy castle here, lightened by no gothic spire or arch in its whole extent. Previous to this, the narrow way had been filled with tall slim curiously pointed houses, which grew slimmer as they approached the roof and finally ended in a peak flanked by towers out of which the smoke escapes from the chimneys inside. These chimneys were never used by the storks as in Strasburg, for the climate here is too severe, and so the smoke passed out without a hinderance, stopping only long enough to blacken the bricks it touched.

One wanders from George Street, the broadest and busiest of all, into all manner of narrow ones; first the Greater Packhof,—great only because there is another of the same name, a slight degree smaller, —continuing for a block under that appellation, and then known as Seilwinder, which is barely wide enough for two wagons to pass and where the smallest of stores are. One enters a minute vestibule, on either side of which are separate shops, rings a bell, and after a time a jangling of keys proclaims the owner's arrival; he lets one in a room so little that it is almost impossible to turn around, and whose ceiling is black and tries to meet the show-cases. Out again into the air, and one continues his way into the Pherdestrasse, which is so small that the neighbors can almost shake hands across. The stories have a peculiar habit of jutting further out as they get higher, until the tops seem to bump one another in the forehead; nine stories, some are, with windows in all manner of geometrical shapes, the circle squared as a result of loosened stones, and two sides of a triangular roof failing to equal the third side of a supporting cornice. Yet there is nearly always a pot of flowers to be seen, and the flaxen head of an urchin is a spot of light in a gloomy doorway. One looks through an opening, and sees it broaden into a court-yard where hens and children play together, the light and air shut in by the four walls rising around them. This street is abruptly stopped by a bridge, under which the river Seine flows on its way to the Weser. It's a funny little bridge, with a shop for scissors and knives on one side, on the other the balustrade is worn smooth by the children swinging there, unmindful of the swift current below. The water has just washed the palace a moment before —a great roomy palace which the Castëllian inhabits almost alone,—rushes between the old houses with their queer plastered walls, looking as though a breath would blow them down, then slips past the older palace where the first kings of Hanover lived. There is a tower at one end of this, which is said to be eight hundred years old,—and which certainly looks it; the sides are blackened, and from a port-hole near the top, swings an iron lamp where rushes were burnt, sending the light far up and down the stream.—The other end is a square pile, now a tenement house, having served also its day as a barracks. To the left of the tower, one goes through a court-way, formerly the garden attached to a convent, now used as a beer hall, and after stooping under the low archway emerges in the Seine Street, that in turn, and a sharp turn too,

is met by the Koeblingerstrasse. This is very dingy and the houses are very old on the left side, while on the right there has been joined to the Rathhouse a wing, a most perfect example of Renaissance architecture. It is a great contrast these two portions make,the older building built of terra-cotta and brick, painted with allegorical pictures, whose facade is finished by a number of points, casting long shadows on the slanting tile roof; and the square massive addition at its side bearing no semblance to German design or finish.

There is a corner of the street inclosed here, where the old women sit and sell wreaths and flowers, knitting the while, unmindful of wind, rain or cold. The Market Church stands also here; its walls at the eastern end are covered with gravestones of four centuries ago, and the old inscriptions tell the story of the rude carvings, now broken and hacked so as to be almost indiscernible. It is an old church, and very ugly, but on Sundays the music fills a huge nave and aisles so exquisitely, that one forgets its homeliness in listening to the grand organ, and the voices that blend so perfectly. To the right, you will stumble across the Smiedestrasse where the Leibnitz-house stands, eight stories high, the front covered with little figures and scrolls up to the top, which according to the custom, has narrowed so as to admit of but one window. Still further away is a most remarkable building, which an ambitious merchant painted in an astronomical arrangement of suns, moons and stars. It bears the date 1526, and has probably been so decorated as a means of advertising, for the decoration can be seen a surprising distance away. There is still another tower which has a romance connected with it; it lies on the edge of the city and is very old and picturesque. Long years ago when Hanover was beseiged, the brave defenders remained there fighting until the town was conquered. Then, when ordered to surrender, they refused, and a band of twenty-four were burned there alive. Only—what prevented the tower from burning too?—is a question which puzzles the listener.

Near by the other market-place is the Chapel where English services are held. It stands in a churchyard, and is in as ruined a condition as one could wish. The walls inside are mouldering, and the frescoes of the twelve apostles are getting dim. The grave-stones on the outside, in Latin and German, are some three hundred years old. The plaster is very much broken, and it is all very uncomfortably damp with ivy running over it. A short distance from this, is the grave-yard, where Lotta Kestner, Goethe's Lotta, lies buried, and near her grave is another, out of which a tiny twig thrust itself and in time broke open the solid masonry, until today a tree shadows with its heavy branches the massive slabs lying half apart underneath.

Another sudden turn takes one off George street, into Windlichtenstrasse, a narrow passage, almost an alley, very compactly built. It would not seem out of place to have seen a minstrel with his harp, wandering through the dusky way, or from overhead a bright face peep out and nod welcome to the strollers-by—for when one lingers in silent paths, time turns back a few leaves and shows us a panorama of other years.

Caroline T. Goodloe, Student, '88,-'89.

RECOMMENDED LONDON TRADESMEN.

Every evening we sat about the table in the cosy parlor, busying ourselves with knitting woolen jackets, warranted to withstand the winds of the Wellesley hills. Between the stitches we discoursed on the language and customs of America, in reply to the inquiries of our newly made English friends. Sometimes the Americans took a turn at questioning: What is the best location for lodgings in London? Where can one buy good shoes, good gloves, etc.? and the valuable information thus received was duly entered into note books.

At length this pleasant month came to an end, and the party gathered about the table for the last lecture in the course. The gentleman from London gravely drew a paper from his pocket and passed it across the table ceremoniously, "I have prepared a list of addresses which will be useful to you," he said. It was truly a wonderful list. The grateful recipients think it worthy a place in the PRELUDE and trust that it may prove valuable to Wellesley professors who contemplate spending a Sabbatical year in Europe.

For toothpicks and tomatos,

Mr. Luke White,
Wapping Old Stairs.
For Indian corn and rhinoceros hides,
Mr. Moses Saul,
Petticoat Lane.
For fly wheels of steam engines,
The Kyrle Society,
Cherry Garden Wharf,
Rotherhithe.
For paper knives, blotting paper, and coal trucks,
The Jam Improvement Co.,
Paradise Alley,
Houndsditch.
For hardware and cheap goods,
Marlborough House,
Pall Mall.
For treatises on Ethics, old clothes and Bath buns,
Griffin Growler & Co.
Threadneedle Street,
Bishopgate Within.

Cimiez, Nice, France. Jan. 30, 1890.

E. M. H.

THE WEEK.

THE class of '89 was unusually happy on the evening of Mar. 6, for they had with them their honorary member, Dr. Phillips Brooks. The storm and bleakness out of doors, only intensified the cosy and homelike effect that is so characteristic of the pretty dining-room at the Wood; and it was indeed a pleasan scene when the hostesses and guests were seated at the long table, ornamented with a handsome bunch of tulips sent by a classmate. The good cheer given both the social and the physical man made the event one of the pleasantest in the class annals. Among the guests were Miss Shafer, some members of the Faculty, and Mrs. Claflin. In the evening Dr. Brooks preached to the college from the text, "Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." John, 6:68.

* * *

PROF. C. R. Brown, of the Newton Theological Seminary, preached on Sunday, Mar. 9, from the text John 7:17; "If any man will do My will, he shall know of the doctrine."

* * *

THOSE who passed over the threshold of Waban Cottage on Saturday evening, Mar. 8, found a charming contrast between its bright and inviting parlor and the snowy streets outside. To the sweetness of this "rosebud garden of girls" was added the fragrance of all manner of other flowers, heliotropes, wood violets, lilies of the valley, etc. There, too, were the odors of strange flowers, jockey club, ylang-ylang, and frangipanni. Now our readers will realize that these perfumes had been stored up in small bottles as the essence of the poor dead blossoms. After whiffs of the different perfumes and vain efforts to keep the names and fragrance of each clear and distinct, the guests once more received the tiny bottles wrapped in tissue paper, to guard the labels from curious eyes. But association of ideas seemed lacking and not many could name the elusive odors. The wise little woman received her reward, a dainty sachet-bag—and the four foolish virgins who guessed not one right were rewarded by substances which were warranted to possess qualities most trying of all to the olfactory nerve. After one sense had been gratified, an appeal was made to another, the sense of taste. And so the evening ended, leaving the guests in a state of deep satisfaction with all except the swiftness of time's flight.

* * *

NORUMBEGA entertained her hundred and fifty dear friends, Monday, Mar. 10, by giving a dramatic tea in the darkened gymnasium. The play was a sparkling little operetta, entitled, "Pepita, the Gypsy Girl of Andulasia." A generous sprinkling of effective scenes, which were very well presented, kept the audience in a constant ripple of laughter. Especially to be noticed among these were the song of the sailor boys, the chorus of little maids tormenting the hypocritical Dolores, and the dance of the gypsies. The parts were well taken. The dashing young lieutenant charmed many another maid than Pepita, who, as also the gallant Jose, the black villain Enrique, and the politic Dolores, each in his own way, was charming, too. After the operetta the actors showed their talent in a very different direction in serving the tea. Dancing closed the afternoon's entertainment. Pretty programs, tied with ribbons, and with tiny jingling tambourines attached, gave the cast of characters as follows:

Don Carlos, a Spanish nobleman, Louise Saxton.
Don Enrique, his nephew, Mary Barrows.
Jose, Esther Bailey.
Lieut. Beverly Howard, an American sailor, Emma Pleasants.
Dayton, Moor, Ben Bolt, } sailors { Annie Bosworth. Alice Newman. Brown Mason.
Donna Inez, Mary Taft.
Pepita, Mary Young.
Dolores, Mary Moderwell.
Marguerita, daughter of Dolores, Emeline P. Hayward.

Yolande, } maids { Florence Newman.
Juniata, } { Clara Look.

Sailors, Gypsies, Servants, Ruffians.

Manager, Jennie McIver.
Musical Director, Helen Storer.

* * *

REV. Nehemiah Boynton, of Boston, preached on Sunday, March 16, from the text Zech. 2:1-2.

* * *

THE third in the series of Latin lectures was given by Prof. F. D. Allen, of Harvard University, Saturday, March 15, on the subject of Epic Poetry. Prof. Allen introduced his lecture with a brief glance at the whole development of this school, then returning to its most conspicuous representatives, Ennius and Virgil. First came Livius Andronicus, who some time between 240 and 220 B. C. wrote a condensed translation of the Odyssey, not attempting any Greek verse but using the Saturnian line, a favorite in the songs and epitaphs, the only literature up to that time. Ennius, fifty years later, solved the problem of the Greek hexameter. For over a century following him, the Roman's mind, engrossed in the political interests of the time, was developed more on its practical side; but with the establishment of the Empire a second group of epic writers appeared, Virgil, Ovid with his pretty but shallow Mrtamorphoses, and Annaeus Lucanus. The subsequent writings were didactic in character, and rather the result of hard labor than of genius. Nothing in the early life of Ennius is known, except his birth in Calabria, but from his boast of knowing Greek, as well as Roman and Oscan, his native tongue, a youth spent in Taventum is inferred. At Rome in a little cottage on the Aventine,doubtless considered by his neighbors a queer crack-brained fellow, he at last settled and about 190 B. C. began the Annales, a history of Rome from Romulus and Remus down to his own date. His material was probably gained from the annals of the pontifices. Ennius was the one to undertake fitting the Latin tongue to the Greek hexameter, and it was a serious undertaking as his lumbering verses, and ill distributed dactyls and spondees often bear witness. Ennius' undaunted zeal in adopting Homeric devices, as alliteration and tmesis, was very amusingly illustrated by the lecturer. However in spite of many defects there was a rude strength, real poetic feeling and a foreshadowing of Lucretius and Virgil. In the long period between Ennius and Virgil the way had been well smoothed out for the latter. The Romans had evolved a great stock of phraseology convenient for the hexameter and having drifted to Rome,he was immediately received under the patronage first of Tollio, then of Mæcenas. Virgil entered upon his famous epic against his own inclination and because Augustus desired a national poem. As to the plot, it is quite inexplicable how the Romans could have imagined themselves descended from the Trojans, but Ennius had taken up the authentic history and this was a pleasing fiction. It is amusing to notice in Virgil as in Ennius an avoidance of venturing off the lines previously prescribed by the Greeks. In the Aeneid all the earliest features of the Odyssey are present. To the charge of dulness in the Aeneid it can only be answered, Homer has spoiled all other epics for us. The Georgics are Virgil's best work. They are discussions on husbandry and are didactic, but not in the sense of giving practical instruction; they show a moderate influence from the Alexandrian school whose idea seemed to be to string enigmas together to be guessed. The Eclogues, his earlier work, show the same living sympathy with nature evinced in these later productions,but are inferior. Virgil was an admirable poet and a thorough artist but in the Aeneid he was led to undertake a task for which he was not fitted, although he was very successful in it.

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HOUSE OF COMMONS, EVENING SESSION, MARCH 15.
(After the London Times.)

In the House of Commons *Mr. O'Brien* asked what steps the government intended to take with regard to the report of the special commission. (opp. cheers). *Mr. Smith* in reply read a resolution which he proposed to present at an early day. *Sir Joseph Ferguson* in reply to a question by *Mr. Cremer* said that the papers from South Africa would immediately be presented, when the honorable member could form his own judgment. *Mr. Dawnes* for York gave notice that he would ask permission to bring in a bill for the better preservation of hares. *Mr. Shaw* gave notice that he would ask permission to bring in a bill to confer the parliamentary franchise on woman. *Mr. O'Brien* gave notice that he would ask leave to introduce a bill to amend the law of England, relating to marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The regular order of the day was then introduced. *Mr. Morley* in amending the address in reply to the Queen's speech, moved the repeal of the Coercion Act, denying the success of coercion as proclaimed by the chief Secretary, and criticizing the administration as "harsh, oppressive and unjust," as prostituting rather than administering law in Ireland. The motion was seconded by Mr. Labouchere. *Sir M. Hicks Beach*, who declared Ireland to be in a most prosperous condition, argued that to destroy the present system and adopt Home Rule would be a visionary scheme based on neither reason nor common sense, and one sure to prove fatal to England and Ireland alike. (hisses and groans from the Irish benches).

Mr. Healy referring to his own sufferings in the cause, denounced the Land system in Ireland as infamous and felonous, and abused the opposition generally. *Mr. Chamberlain* after expressing surprise at some of the "remarkable assertions made this evening," spoke of the improved condition of Ireland, and the defects of *Mr. Gladstone's* Home Rule bill, arguing also a common form of local government for the whole United Kingdom. *Mr. Collings* said that a patriotic people could never endorse a policy tending to separation and disunion, and that private allotments might be depended upon for settling the difficulties of Ireland as well as those of England. *Mr. McCarthy* in his usual terse and finished style traced the historical development of the Irish problem, which he said had long since passed a land solution. He spoke of Ireland's wrongs as wrongs against the deepest principles of humanity. *Mr. Labrouchere* made his usual attack upon the aristocracy and ridiculed its attempts to deceive the Irish people. In the course of his remarks he referred to the Marquis of Salisbury as a liar, was called to order and on refusing to retract his statement was suspended from the House for one week. *Mr. A. J. Balfour* in answer to the attack upon the government, replied that, understanding Coercion to mean an administration of law which makes it possible for a law abiding citizen to live in peace, he was proud to be called a Coercionist He contrasted the weak, vacillating enforcement of law under preceding administrations, with the firm just hand by which the present ministry governs, and insisted that the true meaning of the cry "Justice to Ireland" is not only that her laws shall be just, but that they shall be obeyed. *Mr. Dillon* said that the Cœrcion Act was contrary to the fundamental principles of the British Constitution and that no ministry would dare to introduce such measures into any part of England or Scotland. He declared that if Home Rule were given to Ireland she would be free from misery, want, and crime. *Mr. Harrington* referring to his own sufferings and cruel imprisonments as well as that of his countrymen dwelt upon the injustice of the present order, and made a stirring appeal for the vindication of the National League. He cited instances of the iniquitous operation of the Coercion Act, telling in particular of a case of eviction whose only cause was ignorance of a lad's intention to cut off the tail of a neighbor's horse —a deed which had not even been committed, "for the tail still hangs on the horse." *The Marquis of Harrington* spoke in defence of the government, showing its policy to be the maintainance of the welfare of the whole United Kingdom and claiming that it requires only time and opportunity for enforcing its measures. In conclusion he advocated regard for reason, judgment, and experience rather than for mere benevolence and philanthrophy. *Mr. Gladstone* defended the recent policy of the Liberal party from the charge of inconsistency, and arraigned the government for adopting coercive measures in violation of their solemn pledges. He declared England to be responsible for the misery of Ireland, maintaining separation to be impossible while Ireland's welfare is dependent upon union, and exposing the fallacy of the argument that Home Rule is unsafe because history furnishes no exact parallel. He concluded with the statement of his belief that self-government for Ireland is inevitable. *Lord Churchill* severely criticized *Mr. Gladstone's* remarks characterizing him as either a traitor or a most short-sighted leader, since his Home Rule policy must inevitably lead to the disintegration of the Empire and result disastrously for Ireland herself. He gave it as his opinion that the Parnell Commission was illegal and unconstitutional. The speaker was then interrupted by violent denial of his statement by *Mr. Harrington* who refusing to come to order was forcibly suspended from the House. As soon as order was restored *Lord Churchill* dexterously made use of the disorderly conduct of *Mr. Harrington* to the disadvantage of that gentleman's party. *Mr. Parnell* questioned England's ability to rule a nation of whose true condition she was ignorant. He alluded to England's policy as one productive only of suffering and destructive to Ireland's resources, industries and loyalty. He declared that all English parties had proved unable to govern Ireland and that she now asked to govern herself. He ended with an earnest appeal to England's sense of justice to right the wrong "which is to-day the greatest blot on her glory." *Mr. Smith* stated that the policy of the government in regard to Ireland was one of peace and conciliation, that force was only to be used when necessary for the enforcement of law. He wished party discussions to be laid aside until the measures for Ireland's benefit could be passed. The resolutions were put by the Speaker and carried on a division by 173 to 40. The House adjourned at 9.20 o'clock.

* * *

When the Simpson Cottage maidens were casting about in their minds, for some means to raise money to buy a piano for their home, it was a happy thought which led them to ask Prof. Churchill to assist them, by giving an evening's reading. This well known elocutionist has long been a favorite before a Wellesley College audience, as well as a true friend to the College, and the interesting entertainment, promised by certain conspicuous and graphic posters, and anticipated by all, for Monday evening, March 17, was fully realized. The size of the audience was calculated to inspire hope in the hearts of the music loving imortals of Simpson, for the number of tickets sold would seem to secure

success for their undertaking, while the head of our department of elocution could not fail of being well pleased with the interest manifested in that line by the College at large. The programme was in many respects the best of the sort ever presented at the College. The first selection "Father Philip Blake's Subscription List" was chosen the speaker said in honor of the Patron Saint of Ireland as being very pat on that day when his countrymen showed he was still green in their memory. The amusing, the ludicrous, and the grotesque in the selection were most admirably set forth, the audience almost losing its own identity in that of Father Blake's. During the closing sentences as deep a hush came over it as was described falling over the ficticious assemblage in the leaky church. The description chosen from Victor Hugo's "93" was powerfully rendered. The duel between a human soul and a blind farce was so forcibly and vividly depicted, that the terrible situation and the gloomy end bound all by a dread fascination. Few indeed in the land, can approach Prof. Churchill's rendering of the Gravedigger's Scene from Hamlet, which came next on the programme. The dignity of Hamlet in contrast to the common insolence of the gravedigger was maintained in a masterly manner. Schiller's "Diver," was next given and the entertainment closed with "The Runaways," a sketch of southern life before the war. This was given most facetitously. The "religiosity" of the slave was humorously brought out, and the audience followed with rapt attention the story of the adventures of master and bondman while equally "loose and free." Financially the entertainment was a great success. May the piano be an acquisition of the near future and prove a thing of beauty and a joy forever!

* * *

If the windows of Wood Cottage had had the power of vision about half past five o'clock Monday, Mar. 10, they would have witnessed a sight unusual, to say the least, at Wellesley. A procession of some forty young men of a musical and Harvard aspect was making its way toward that cottage, in pairs, with a very spare sprinkling of young ladies. As the windows of the house were not able to see this imposing and unusual spectacle, it was reserved for the Zeta Alphates and the few guests who were already assembled in the parlors. Upon their arrival at the Wood. the Pierian Sodality were ushered into the dressing rooms, whence they soon emerged to be presented to their hostesses before supper should be announced. The ceremony was a short one, and before many minutes had passed, the ringing of the bell warned the Zeta Alphates that the time had come to provide themselves, or be provided with a gentleman, and repair to the dining-room. The places were assigned by appropriate cards of tinted blue paper with scrolls in the form of P. S. and Z. A., in their respective colors of crimson and blue, and the Zeta Alpha triangle in the corner. After their places were found, a moment was needed for all to admire the happy arrangement of the five long tables and their dainty setting. An hour and a half was pleasantly passed in supper and conversation, and then the two societies adjourned to Norumbega, where Miss Shafer received them with the presidents and vice-presidents of the various college classes and societies. The time was very short before the hour appointed for the concert, and seemed even shorter than it was. A few minutes after eight, the Pierian Sodality took their places upon the chapel platform to furnish an hour's delightful entertainment.

The program was as follows:

1. Waltz—"Santiago," Corbin.
2. Violin Solo—(a) "Kinawiak" Wieniawski.
   (b) Lullaby, Sullivan.
   Mr. Louis A. Corne.
3. March—From "Tannhäuser," Wagner.
4. Cornet Solo—"The Lost Chord," Sullivan.
   Mr. Jacob Wendell.
5. "Largo," Handel.
6. Spanish Dance in C Major, Moszkowski.
7. Nocturne—For 'Cello, Chopin.
   Mr. Julius Wolff.
8. March—From the music to Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn.

The numbers were all enjoyable, but some especially so. Of these may be noticed the opening waltz by the orchestra, which with its graceful happy movement put into good humour the few who were not already so. The violin solo by Mr. Corne and the cornet solo by Mr. Wendell were both worthy of notice, but Mr. Wolff carried off the palm by his rendering of the Chopin Nocturne. His tone is remarkably smooth and sympathetic and his playing full of unusual feeling and he well merited the hearty applause which his performance called forth. After the concert, the members of the Pierian Sodality and Zeta Alpha repaired to Society Hall where they were served to coffee and wafers. Ten o'clock came all too soon, and warning the gentlemen that "Time and trains wait for no man" necessitated regretful good-nights.

* * *

Professor Greenough of Harvard University gave the second lecture in the course on Latin Literature Saturday, Mar. 8. The speaker's subject was Latin oratory. He began by saying that the names of Demosthenes and Cicero stand for perfect orators, but Cicero has had more influence because he is better known and because upon his style modern oratory is modeled. Among the earlier orators Cicero mentions

Appius Claudius as being especially strong and powerful in speaking. Cato, who may be called the last of the indigenous Roman orators, was brilliant in those ornaments of oratory which the Greeks considered of so much importance. He was effective in eulogy and bitter in invective while his shrewdness and wit are shown in a fragment of one of his speeches, concerning the administration of property. Of Cato's one hundred and fifty speeches there are only three fragments extant. After Cato's time the influence of Greek literature and ideas began to be strongly felt by the Romans altho' Rome was not really Hellenized until the period of the Empire when every Roman knew Greek as well as his mother tongue and all were more or less versed in oratory. One of the products of this foreign influence was Galba, a fiery and intense speaker and the first to employ the legitimate art of the orator to move his audience. At this time oratory was much used in pleading cases in court, and Cicero describes the office of the orator as first, to instruct, second, to move his hearers. Gracchus and Carbo who followed were men noted for their fine ringing orations. Cicero says of Gracchus that he was a talented, effective speaker, well trained under Greek masters. Only a few fragments of his works remain. After an interval of a generation come Antonius and Crassus both of whom excelled in fine oratory, and Cicero declares that he cannot decide to which the palm belongs. Crassus was the founder of oratorical beauty of form, that is ornamentation used as a means to an end. He was earnest, witty and logical. Antonius aimed at the earlier form of oratory. A century later the Greek influence was considered all important and oratory was studied as an art. Two schools arose, the Asiatic, which derived its origin from Greece through Asia and displayed affectation and a hurried flow of language, and the Attic school which desired directness and naturalness, but was a slave to rhythm and often used words simply to fill out a well rounded period. Greek oratory was growing degenerate and artificial and it was to correct the same effect on Latin that the Attic school was founded. The best representative of the former school was Cicero's rival Hortensius. His style was brilliant and hurried, yet polished, and he used many gestures. Of the Attic school the most notable member was Cajus Gabinius. Cicero took a middle course and belonged with the Rhodians, who were a party in the Asiatic school tending in style toward the Attic. Cicero made Demosthenes his model and in him Latin oratory reached the height o its possibility.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.
Arther Hugh Clough.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

MARRIED.

Morse–Cable. At Mackinac Island, Mich., Mar. 6, Jessie Cable, graduate of the School of Music, '89, to Benjamin C. Morse. At home, after Mar. 22, at Fort Mackinac, Mich.

Miss Mary T. Noyes, '86, is teaching at Synodical College, Rogersville, Tenn.

Miss Gertrude Stevens, student at Wellesley, '81-'83, is teaching at St. Catherine's School, St. Paul, Minn.

Miss Julia Bissell, '85, is visiting relatives in Philadelphia.

Miss Charlotte Conant, '84, enjoyed a short visit in Philadelphia with her classmates, Miss Emily Gregory and Miss Amelia Hall while on her way to Washington, D. C., with her father, Judge Conant of Greenfield, Mass.

Miss Grace Marsh, '85, and Miss Abbie Mayhew are in charge of a School of Physical Culture and Ladies' Gymnasium, having classes in Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Wellesley is now represented at the College Settlement in New York City by Miss Gertrude Chandler, '79, and Miss Carrie McMurtry.

The friends of Miss Charlotte E. Rose will sympathize with her in the death of her sister, Mrs. R. L. Bachman of Utica, N. Y.

Miss Clara R. Walker, '86, has spent the winter at Baldwin, St. Mary Parish, La.

Mrs. Harriet Emerson Hinchliffe, '82, is soon to remove from Chicago to Rockford, Ill., where her home will be near that of her father, Mr. Ralph Emerson.

Letters from Gambier, O., bring word of the continued prosperity of Harcourt Place Seminary, under the administration of Miss Ada I. Ayer, '80. Miss Ayer expects to spend to spend the summer in Europe in company with Miss Virginia Smith and Miss Fanny Guild of Dana Hall. The party have engaged passage on the steamship Pavonia, sailing from Boston, June 21.

Mrs. Edwina Chadwick, '80, whose work in the musical department of St. Mary's Hall, Faribault, Minn., has already been mentioned, sends a program of the Mozart Recital given by the musical pupils of the school, Mar. 6. She writes that on Class-Day her vocal pupils are to give the seniors a complimentary song-recital, as the Wellesley '80's once did, and that the May-pole dance with its song accompaniment of last year's Tree-Day is to be reproduced at a lawn party early in June.

Miss Bertha Hebard, graduate student at Wellesley,

'87-'88, is spending the year in study at home in Lincoln, Nebraska.

MISS Louise Pearsons, '89, who has been spending some time in California on account of illness, has entirely recovered.

A RECENT copy of the *Boston Journal* notices among its obituaries the death of Mr. Oliver L. Giddings a well-known builder and contractor of Exeter, N. H., and gives Wellesley College among the principal buildings erected under his supervision.

ILL health has compelled Miss Ellen Davison, '87, to pass the winter at Saranac Lake.

A RECEPTION was given to Miss Priscilla White, student at Wellesley, '85-'86, by Mrs. D. Lothrop of Boston, on Thursday afternoon, March 13, at the Bellevue.

MISS Leona Lebus, '89, has recovered from an attack of typhoid fever and resumed her studies.

MRS. Laura Lyon Williams, '87, is now at home in Ithaca, New York. The months since her marriage last November have been spent in travel, chiefly through California and Mexico.

MISS Maryette Goodwin, '87, is confined to her room by an injury to the knee.

LETTERS from Miss Estelle Hurll bring word of many good things enjoyed. One of her latest pleasures has been a visit to George McDonald, of which we hope soon to hear in a letter which is to appear in the PRELUDE. Miss Hurll has made a delightful sojourn at the Riviera and is now at Florence.

THE unexpected breaking up of the school at Dana Hall on the tenth scattered teachers as well as pupils. Miss Virginia Smith is the guardian of the few who remain in Wellesley at the new cottage. The Misses Eastman are spending a week in Boston at the Bellevue, Miss Guild is at her home in Milford, N. H., and Miss Cook is visiting Miss Tufts at Dover, N. H.

MISS Candace Eveleen Hathaway, '87, is teaching in the Centenary Collegiate Institute, Hackettstown, New Jersey.

ONLY A FRESHMAN.

In the dimly burning lamp-light
  Sits a maiden tall and fair,
Heavenly blue her bright eyes sparkle,
  Brightly shines her golden hair.
And this maid is bending lowly
  O'er a ponderous volume old;
Black and grim the letters greet her
  From the page so white and cold.
But the maiden's lips are moving,
  Speaking from her inmost mind:
"Life," she murmurs, sadly, sweetly,
  "Life's indeed an awful grind."

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE readers of the PRELUDE will be happy to hear that the French Minister of Public Instruction has just conferred upon Prof. R. Sée the title of "officier d'acadèmies;" this distinction is awarded to those who have rendered services of high value to the cause of education; its visible sign is a little purple ribbon similar in shape to the well-known red ribbon of the Legion of Honour. It is conferred on Prof. Sée as an acknowledgment of her efforts to spread and improve the knowlege of the language and literature of France in the United States.

HOW obliging it was of the sleighing to come when the moonlight was so charming! We did not forget to show our appreciation of the kindness either.

THE article on Philosophy in No. 17 of the PRULUDE should have been attributed to Miss Alice Hamlin. By some mistake the name was omitted.

A HOST of familiar faces were seen at College on Sunday the 9th. There were Ada Wing, '86, M. E. Jones, '89, Francke Nelson Special, '88-'89, and Fannie Bugbee, formerly '91. Professor Horsford was here too for the first time since his long illness. Everyone was more than glad to see him again in the College halls.

ON Sunday, the 16th, Alice Emerson, '85, who is teaching in Methuen, was at Wellesley, also Alice Brewster, '89, Ada Newell, formerly '90 and Bessie Reid, '82. Esther Thayer, '89 was here on the 17th.

Mrs. Stovall played to the Seniors Sunday evening, March 16. The beautiful jar of roses which they gave her stood in the second floor centre on Tuesday and were thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

THE announcement in the Boston papers that there was scarlet fever at Wellesley was a mistake. There has been a mild case at Dana Hall on account of which the time of their vacation was changed, school closing two weeks early. They expect to lose no time.

ANOTHER progressive influence in Wellesley.—In some of the Sophomore and Freshman Greek classes, the students are greeted with a breezy "Kal'-emeras." This is the introduction to a recitation that is Greek in every sense of the word. There are many advantages in this method and it is said that not one of the least is the ease with which the extent of knowledge possessed by a would-be visitor is detected.

THE reception given by the Faculty to the Class of '92 on Monday, March 17, was very pleasant. '93, who came upon the field of action for the first time in the lines of ushering and serving, is said to have acquitted herself well. The decorations were pretty, especially

the flowers, and the delightful weather made it possible for many guests to be here. Among the large number were: Professor Horsford and Miss Lillian Horsford, Dr. Schwartz, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carleton Coffin, Dr. Peloubet, Major Baird, U. S. A., and Miss Baird, Mr. Hamilton Hill, Dr. Judson Smith, Mrs. Marion Pelton Guild and Miss Retta Winslow, '88.

MRS. MORTON, our worthy housekeeper in the Main Hall, created quite a sensation the other evening by summoning to the Faculty Parlor those important members of the college society, "The Opposites." Here a solemn confab was held, the result of which was that a new responsibility devolved upon them as college women. This was the making out of bills of fare which are to be used from now until June. Possibly this responsibility would be better understood if we explained that the making out of one bill of fare requires about as much thought as a Junior thesis. We would like to congratulate Mrs. Morton on her sagacity.

"Tho' the Baby Class are we,
Yet we're proud of '93."

Such was the inscription across the corner of the dainty souvenir cards which long after will cause '93 to remember with pleasure her first class social. On Saturday evening, March 15, the Old Art Gallery donned her most attractive garb and put on a welcoming smile to receive '93 to her list of social friends. And '93 soon proved her social capabilities. An hour was spent in chatting, and wondering what was behind those green curtains which hung so peacefully across one end of the room, and who those queer hooded figures were that entered from time to time and made a dive behind the same green curtains. During this time, every Freshman was supposed to speak to every Freshman that she knew and to meet every Freshman that she did not know. But whether she did or not, all at least took this opportunity to greet their President who stood to receive them. A hint of the Scottish character of the entertainment was given by the song charmingly rendered by Miss Harriet Dutcher and Miss Mary Hill, "O, Wert thou in the Cauld Blast!." The curtains were drawn, and Miss Lutz stepped forward and read "Lochinvar," after which the piece was acted most ludicrously in pantomine. The burlesque was excellent, and ripples of laughter went over the audience, especially when young Lochinvar and his bride made their exit in flight, riding on a window-pole and loaded with valises, band-boxes, bird-cages, shawls etc. Lemonade, popcorn, and wafers consoled the audience for the final drawing of the curtain. Music and dancing followed until 9 o'clock, when after giving three cheers for President, class, and social committee, the Freshmen trooped home satisfied that their first class social had been a success.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

MR. MOODY has recently been doing very effectual work at Yale.

THE college buildings now in use at Yale cost nearly $2,000,000.

THE Babylonian Explorers sent out by the University of Pennsylvania last year have secured 3000 tablets, which will be brought to the University.

THE Class of '81, Princeton, has decided to give that college a collection of charts representing ancient, medieval and renaissance sculpture, as a decennial present.

SENATOR Edmunds is said to be in favor of founding a National University, as a fitting way to celebrate the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America.

YALE University is to organize a Yale southern club to advance the interests of Yale in the South, to foster good feeling between the students of the two sections, and to unite the southern students at Yale in social intercourse.

THE collection of coins at Wesleyan University has received substantial additions from Rev. Marcus L. Taft, Wesleyan, '73, of Brooklyn. The collection numbers upward of 1,000 specimens, including a large number of ancient sword-coins which antedate the Christian era by several centuries. Every dynasty is represented, and, of the more recent dynasties, every Emperor.

COLUMBIA'S new athletic grounds are now an assured thing. The trustees recently decided to set aside the land belonging to the estate at 61st street, for athletic purposes, provided enough money could be raised by the 1st of March to cover the expenses of putting the grounds in proper condition. President Low started the subscription with $1,000, and last Friday gave $500 more to complete the $17,500, the estimated cost of the repairs which will be necessary.

MADISON University has dropped its former title, and has taken the name of its most liberal benefactor. The Board of Regents has acceded to the almost unanimous petition of Trustee, Faculty, Alumni and students, and at its meeting last week sanctioned and ratified the change. It is a deserved compliment to the liberality of the Colgate family, who has contributed nearly two-thirds of its endowment. It helps relieve the confusion arising from the fact that Madison University was at Hamilton, while Hamilton College is at Clinton, and the University of Wisconsin at Madison. The confusion will not be entirely relieved, however, until either the village of Hamilton or Hamilton College shall change its name.

THERE are twenty-one graduates of the University of Michigan in Congress.

OUR OUTLOOK.

"In qualities of a high mental organization, says a modern author, the equal of the American woman cannot be found in the world; but with all her knowledge and intellectual activity she lacks that which made the Greeks what they have been, and the French what they are,—organic cultivation. She lacks that intense and devoted scholarship which makes such a woman as Mrs. Humphrey Ward the representative of a class in England. The capable, energetic speaking-woman, the woman who can plead her own cause, has been so unfeminine, so unlovable, and so coarse in a majority of instances that it has driven the idea from the Salon that women could be literary, thoughtful, good speakers, and good readers, and still dress well, be pretty and lady-like.

But the success of certain literary clubs in the best parlors of these gay cities. has proved that the exhibition of talent in woman need not be unlovely. The speech and action of the woman of the rostrum may be as graceful as was Hypatia's, and, regarded from an artistic point of view, a beautiful thing to look upon.

A beautiful, well-dressed, ignorant woman is as imperfect and as faulty a growth as an angular, strong-minded, eccentric and unlovely woman. A cultivated lady should display her grace of speech and manner so graciously that it will add another charm to her personal appearance. A cultivated woman can place herself *en rapport* with the people of all countries, even with those whose character is foreign to her own.

Now life should be compelled to yield for us all that it has to give. We have conquered material life as to houses, cooks, dress, warmth, and light; we lead a sybarite existence even on an ocean steamer; we are improving in manners, but we have as a people, heretofore banished literature and culture from the fashionable salon. The result has been that many of the brightest minds have retreated to the library and the quiet of their own homes, and women who have garnered up much scholarship were afraid to show it. Still worse, even if ready to write a paper, they had a certain shyness of entering into a discussion, which is, after all, a sort of splendid intellectual gymnastic teaching. It gives a woman mental precision, the half hour's meditation on the subject on which she shall afterwards speak; a keen and vivid thought, "a very cameo," should drop from the lips; and the thought, having pith, vigor, and truth, should spring, like Minerva, fully panoplied from the brain. There should be no flippancy, folly, or confusion. A certain humorous audacity, something fresh, neat, and swift, is a part of woman's gift, and is delightful in argument. A woman's learning even should be characteristically feminine, but her reasoning should never be ludicrously incongruous. A controlled accuracy of thought is not said to be a part of woman's equipment, but she can cultivate and acquire it.

Mrs. John Sherwood in Harper's Bazar.

WABAN RIPPLES.

INSTEAD of saying, "Pay your term bills," why not say, "Pay your *Ransom*?"

ENTHUSIASTIC admirer of Austin Dobson: He has one of the saddest faces I ever saw—And his domestic life is *very* unhappy they say.

EQUALLY enthusiastic admirer of Sill, (fearful for his reputation): That's nothing—*Sill's dead!*

PROFESSOR in Logic: What is the universal negative?

SLEEPY Junior, (arising lazily): I am not prepared.
—*The Beacon.*

INSTRUCTOR in Sophomore Bible: What can you tell us of the life of Hezekiah of Judah, Miss B——?

MISS B——: Why, he lived,—and he died,— —and he fought,— — —and behold, all the rest of the acts of Hezekiah, are they not written in the book of the Kings?

FARMER: I want a cow-bell larger than any of these.

SUAVE Salesman: But my dear sir, there is a great advantage about a bell of this size. When you hear it you know the cow is so much nearer.

PRESIDENT of '9–, (gazing in puzzled scorn at a stone post between Wellesley and Natick): Why, how absurd! On one side N, and W on the opposite side—West? North? They seem to be slightly mixed in their points of the compass!

CHARLIE (who is riding with his little brother upon their new rocking horse): *Ain't* it fun?

SMALL Brother (insinuatingly): Yes—but, I say, Charlie—let's one of us get off and leave more room for *me* to ride.

YESTERDAY.

The day is cold, and damp, and dreary;
It snows, and the skies seem never weary;
The vine still clings to the College wall,
And with every breath the snow-flakes fall,
And the heart seems all but merry.

TO-DAY.

The day is warm and bright, not dreary;
It thaws, and the sun looks warm and cheery;
The mud lies deep in the wood-land path,
Of its old enchantments, not one it hath,
Yet thus it beckons the maiden weary—

"Come here, tired heart, and cease your grinding;
Come walk with me in a pathway winding;
This wind! Tis the common fate of all,
Who come to dwell in Wellesley's hall,"
So out she goes, nor weather minding. *M. E. L.*

MAGAZINE REVIEWS

Education for March opens with another article on "Preparation for Citizenship." This time it is by Stuart Mackibbin, and relates especially to preparation in Michigan.—"Education and Schools of Norway" shows an active and general interest in education in that country.—Earnest W. Clement recommends seriously that "Greek should not be required for admission into College," in a short article on "Greek in Secondary Schools."—"The Practical Value of a Liberal Education" is a short but good article by Prof. William A. Merrill.—Mrs. H. E. Munroe's papers on "English Women and English Manners" and "The Cambridge Training College for Women" are very entertaining and instructive.—Other articles are "A Term's Work in English Literature" by Prof. Henry A. Frink of Amherst, and "Classical Instruction in the High School" by Walter G. Webster.

The Popular Science Monthly for March opens with the second part of "Comparative Mythology" by Andrew Dickson White under the larger heading "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science." This deals especially with the Hebrew myths of the Dead Sea, Lot's Wife, and several others. It collates the testimony of travellers, the similar stories in other languages, and traces development of the Hebrew story through origin and historical acceptance, to its present acknowledged mythical character.—Readers of Grant Allen's "Plain Words on the Woman Question," will be glad to know that his unfounded charge of single women as "deplorabl eaccidents" is ably refuted by Mrs. M. F. Armstrong in "The Mission of Educated Women."—Herbert Spencer's "Absolute Political Ethics" is an exposition of his substitute for the Bible as an ideal guide for men in their social relations—a substitution which is already beginning to be made but which it will take many generations to put to the proof.—"The Laws of Films" correlates with the "Sketch of A. F. J. Plateau," their discoverer. Both articles are written by Sophie Bledsoe Herrick and are illustrated.—"The Psychology of Prejudice is a racy, interesting article showing the narrowness of most minds and the result of many sided mental development that is, loss of spontaneity which the author says we can well afford for a little while for the sake of balance.—A good reply to Henry George's proposed basis of taxation is found in Daniel E. Wing's article on "Origin of Land-Ownership."—The students in Economics will also be interested in "The Gross and Net Gain of Rising Wages" by Robert Griffin.—"A Chemical Prologue" by Prof. C. Hanford Henderson, is a very interesting study of the human infant from an animal point of view.—This and "The Physiognomy of the Mouth" by Tn. Pederit, illustrated, will furnish many points in psychology.—"Concerning Shrews" is an article on Shrew mice by Frederick A. Fernald.—The Correspondence and other departments are full of interest this month, as usual, especially in the sketches "A Defense of Advanced Women" and "How to Make Knowledge Real."

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Public School Music Course. By Charles E. Whiting. Boston, New York, and Chicago: D. C. Heath & Co. The practical benefits of musical instruction in public schools have received special recognition during the past ten years, and with this recognition has come a demand for a suitable and systematic textbook. This demand has been met in an extremely satisfactory manner by Prof. Whiting. The series of six books form a course of instruction from Primary to High School grades. We quote from the publishers, concerning the scope and aim of the work:—"Each of the first four books contains a large number of carefully graded, interesting exercises, illustrative of the principles as they are introduced: each makes use of the time-names, breathing marks, music ladder, and all devices which tend to assist the teachers. The Fifth and Sixth Books contain a great variety of solfeggios, part-songs, anthems and hymn-tunes." The studies in rudiments are excellently adapted to convey a good theoretical knowledge of musical principles, and the vocal exercises and solfeggios, which illustrate these principles are well graded and carefully selected. The part songs and choruses are to be most highly commended. Words and music are of a high order, and admirable discrimination has been shown in their choice and arrangement. They are calculated to stimulate and cultivate the taste of the pupils in ou public schools for good standard, healthy music, which will be one of the most beneficial results of this musical training. Several of the poems are good translations from the German, and many noted names appear on the list of composers, from whose works selections have been made and adapted. It is to be hoped that this work will be speedily adopted throughout the country.

NEW BOOKS IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

History of the U. S. during the Administration of Jefferson, 4 vols. By Henry Adams.

American Political Ideas. By John Fiske.

Beginners of New England. By John Fiske.

Essays in Constitutional History of the U. S. Edited by J. F. Jameson.

Jane Austen (Famous Women.) By Mrs. S. F. Malden.

Praeterita, 2 vols. By John Ruskin.

Recent Economic Changes. By David O. Wells.

Johns Hopkins University Studies, vols. 1 and 4. Edited by H. B. Adams.

Epistle to the Romans. By Lyman Abbott

Studies in Modern Socialism. By T. E. Brown.

Elene, Judith, Athelstan, and Byrhtnoth. Translated by J. M. Garnett.

Moods and Tenses of the Greek Verb. By William W. Goodin.

Harvard Studies in Classical Philology, vol. 1.

Logarithmic Tables. By George, Baron V. Vega.

The State. By Woodrow Wilson.

Modern Guides of English Thought. By Richard H. Hutton.

OUR EXCHANGES.

TEACHER (to class in geography): "If I should dig a hole through the earth where would I come out?"
Small boy: "Out of the hole."—*World.*

STUDENT (not very clear as to his lessons): "That's what the author says, anyway." Professor: "I don't want the author; I want you!" Student (despairingly): "Well, sir, you've got me."—*Ex.*

MARCH.

A link between winter and spring-time
Was the blust'ring old month of the Ram;
He used to come in like a lion,
And used to go out like a lamb.

But the teachings of Scripture are proven
In the case of this lachrymose dunce;
For the lambkin now dwells with the lion,
And we've all sorts of weather at once.

—*Brunonian.*

HOW TO KISS.

Kiss as the morn-breath the lily asleep,
Kiss as the sunbeam where blushing buds peep,
Kiss as the bee from the honey-lipped flower,
Kiss as sweet sleep in the silent night hour.

Kiss that your soul may, translated be known,
Kiss as of purity seeking her own,
Kiss that true love may have answer in bliss,
Angels are hushed when the kiss is like this.

—"*Signet.*"

SUNLIGHT AND SNOW.

The sunlight streaming through the trees
Has set her winter boughs aglow,
And touched with fire the waveless seas
Of snow.

Yet may the greater Sun impart
Diviner beams to lighten woe,
And set aflame my winter heart
Of snow. —*Ex.*

TRUE LIFE.

I thank God that I live!
'Tis not in sighing,
Nor yet in dying,
That we can best fill our lot below;
But we can show
By daily trying,
In conflict vieing
With every foe
That we know how to live.

—*Brunonian.*

"Is she not passing fair?" remarked our humorous editor in the street car, as the girl on his left, handed him five cents to put in the box.—*Ex.*

STOLEN FRUIT.

I looked into her deep blue eyes,
She answered back so sweet;
Then at her side I placed myself,
My happiness complete.

The truth will out, it always does,
Immediately I kissed her,
I'm not ashamed; why should I be?
She's my own baby sister.

—*Dartmouth.*

PROGRESS.

In olden times ye courtly squire,
By ettiquette's command,
All humbly knelt, with heart afire,
And kissed his lady's hand.

Times change. We kneel and kiss no more
The blushing finger tips;
The modern lover bends him o'er
To kiss his sweetheart's lips.

Amazing paradox! some witch
Is working, North and South
For though our country's grown so rich,
We lived from hand to mouth.

—*Brunonian.*

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Two bright rain-drops fell together
Toward the summit of a hill:
Happy passage till they sever,
Finding each a separate will.

To this river, to that river,
Each one starts his different way.
"Wait," cried one, "I must deliver
One brief word while yet I stay.

"This dear friendship sure will brighten
All my journey to the sea;
Speak, my friend, and will it lighten
Some small care as well for thee?"

Then came o'er the hill-top flying
Words a few, but none more sweet
"On your memory I'm relying;
May we in the ocean meet."

—*Dartmouth Lt.*

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